

11781 cc
SONGS, CHORUSSES, &c.

IN THE

O P E R A

O F

NEW SPAIN;

O F

LOVE in MEXICO.

First performed at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

IN THE

H A Y - M A R K E T,

On Friday, July 16, 1790.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand. 1790.

NEW SPAIN

DO NOT MIX



C H A R A C T E R S.

Don Lopez,	.	.	.	Mr. RYDER.
Don Garcias,	.	.	.	Mr. WATERHOUSE.
Don Juan,	.	.	.	Mr. DAVIES.
Alkmonoak,	.	.	.	Mr. BANNISTER.
Zempoalla,	.	.	.	Mr. CUBIT.
Secretary,	.	.	.	Mr. R. PALMER.
Fabio,	.	.	.	Mr. BANNISTER, Junr

Leonora,	.	.	.	Mrs. GOODALL.
Julia,	.	.	.	Mrs. ILIFF.
Flora,	.	.	.	Miss FONTENELLE.
Ulah,	.	.	.	Mrs. EDWARDS.
Isagli,	.	.	.	Mrs. BANNISTER.

Indians, Soldiers, Servants, &c. &c.

CHARACTERS

MR. RYDER	Don Carlos
MR. WATERHOUSE	Don Juan
MR. DAVIS	Don Juan
MR. WAINWRIGHT	Don Juan
MR. CURRIE	Don Juan
MR. R. PALMER	Don Juan
MR. BANNISTER	Don Juan

MR. COODALL	Don Juan
MR. LITTLE	Don Juan
MR. FONTENELLE	Don Juan
MR. EDWARDS	Don Juan
MR. BANNISTER	Don Juan

Indian, English, Spanish, etc. etc.

S O N G S, &c.

O P E R A

N E W S P A I N.

SONG I.—Leonora.

WITH many a sad, intrusive doubt oppress,
As the pale maiden eyes her plighted youth,
While threat'ning absence chills her glowing breast,
Let pitying love inspire this holy truth:—

II.

Tho' trackless climes to part them interfere,
Still heart to heart shall beat, as fondly true,
As when blest bosoms form that sole barrier,
Which mutual pressures labour to subdue.

SONG

SONG II.—*Garcias.*

NOW Cynthia rode in silver car,
 The heavens were clad in milder blue;
 Now Silence watch'd the winking star,
 With secrecy to lovers true:
 The stately bark at anchor seem'd to sleep,
 On the flow-swelling bosom of the deep.

II.

His tresses streaming to the breeze,
 Where hangs the sea-boy o'er the bow,
 Who loves to loll in listless ease,
 And hear the wild wave talk below;
 Or starts, perchance, to view the pendant sail,
 As flapping, loud, it chides th' intruding gale.

III.

My fair one's faithful step to hear,
 I pause upon the grey sand's slope;
 Each tardy hour sees icy fear
 Invade the glow of sick'ning hope;
 'Till the sad dawn of unpropitious day
 Beholds the bosom's last fond hope decay!

A I R

A I R III.—*Alkmonoak.*

I'VE lost her, full weary is my heart,—
 Yet seeks in vain an object of repose;
 I've lost her—the sun, which saw us part,
 Shall never see the period of my woes.
 Time strives in vain to bid my sorrows rest,
 Or fill the chearless void within my breast.

T R I O—IV.

Alkmonoak, Juan, and Garcias.

THREE Pilgrims at Love's sacred shrine we bow,
 And breathe, with holy zeal, the fervent vow;
 Mark'd by the mien enwrapt, the sigh of fire,
 Senses subdu'd, and purify'd desire:
 Nor meanly guerdon'd who shall these attain,
 By musing on the heaven they seek, perhaps, in
 vain.

D U E T O

D U E T T O—V.

Lopez and Secretary.

Lopez. Off you dog, or I'll crack your crown;
Hence from my sight---away! go!

Secretary. *Snacks!*

Lopez. Zounds, what's become of all my wrath?
Sure I'm as weak as barley broth;—
What the devil makes me thus relax?

Secretary. Why *Snacks! Snacks! Snacks!*

Lopez. When two rogues squabble for a poor
man's pelf,

What puts an end to the strife?

Secretary. *Why Snacks.*

Lopez. Both shake hands and forget to hate,
But sit coolly down and divide the estate.
What makes knaves stick together like
wax?

Secretary. *Snacks! Snacks! Snacks!*

Lopez. What makes the General sit him down,
Blind to the Commissary's tricks?

Secretary. *Why Snacks.*

Lopez. When the rascal's poison through the line
runs,

More fatal and sure than the enemy's
guns,

Shou'd the noose, he deserves, be tied,
what lacks?

Secretary. *Why Snacks! Snacks! Snacks!*

SONG

SONG VI.—*Flora.*

AS the foldier's lad, with his foraging cap,
 On the baggage rides in his mother's lap,
 The captain eyes him with a father's joy,
 And soon to a fife promotes the boy.
 Now his sabre behind him he swings with an air,
 And his ears are well flower'd—well pasted his
 hair,
 While his tassel'd hat with its weight crowds
 down
 His chubby little face to a soldier's frown.

II.

With a martial swagger how he throws about
 The narty no-skirt of a *quick-cut-coat* !
 Mills a fowl on the march for a gill of rum,
 And his major pronounces him fit for a drum.
 With his arms akimbo, then, the knowing young
 elf,
 And a drum at his back, full as big as himself,
 Sucks his teeth with an air, swears he'll make
 good his quarters,
 So he does, as he swears, with his landlady's
 daughters.

III.

Can promotion be refus'd to talents so well suit-
 ing ?
 He's a Serjeant well-fed, now, and fam'd for re-
 cruiting ;

B

Beneath

Beneath lash and hat what a military grace !
 For round is his belly, and red is his face :
 Like a Serjeant he swears, if he kicks but a straw,
 And lyes like a Serjeant--a Serjeant at law ;
 Yet Serjeant or drum, show a female or foe,
 And you'll find him a soldier from top to toe.

S O N G VII.—*Fabio.*

TWO maidens my heart transfix'd—
 One a lilly, one brown as a berry ;
 I stood like a boy betwixt
 A black and a white heart cherry.

II.

One blush'd like the rose in the morning
 Which in the garden blows,
 And one like the rose adorning
 The shoes of our Garden beaux.

III.

My heart now black, now white,
 Young Cupid laid his lash on ;
 I sobb'd by day and by night,
 With a kind of a pye-ball'd passion.

But

IV.

But now each beautiful lass
Her forces marches away,
And I'm no longer an ass
Between two bundles of hay.

V.

Depriv'd of my white (sweet) heart—
And my black, so seducing and mellow,
For the Garden again I'll depart,
And pick up a juicy Morella.

QUINTETTO VIII.

Juan, Fabio, Leonora, Julia, Flora.

LEONORA.

THE morning breeze which sweeps the grove,
Its balmy perfume steals from love ;
If sweet the feather'd warblers song,
Its sweetest notes to love belong.

JUAN and JULIA.

But for the wretch condemn'd to feel
The mining doubt, the jealous fear,
No perfumes o'er his senses steal,
No musick soothes his sullen ear.

FLORA.

What fate then shall the miscreant know
Who, perjur'd, profligate and vain,
Derides an artless Virgin's pain,
And basely triumphs in her woe !

FABIO.

But bind him to the maid for life,
No breeze is wanting with a wife ;
Eternal storms shall whistle round him,
And musick's shrillest notes confound him!

CHORUS.

Love is compos'd of smiles and tears,
Of storms and calms, and hopes and fears.

END OF ACT. I.

A C T II.

SONG IX.—*Juan.*

W HEN love uncheck'd, by fortune's frown,
 The heart assails in wanton leisure;
 And idly yields his myrtle crown,
 The bosom swells with tranquil pleasure.

II.

But rapture still is born of woe,
 Amidst unceasing joys we languish;
 The sweetest tears from bliss which flow,
 Are purchas'd by an age of anguish.

SONG X.—*Fabio.*

'T I S pleasant to see when my Lord obtains
 A post in Administration,
 How the love of his country, which boils in
 his veins,
 Infects each dear relation!
 Up his cousins
 Flock by dozens;
 One is proud of supporting a place,
 Just—that it may not fall into disgrace;
 One wou'd finger the Treasury plumbs,
 Just—to keep him from biting his thumbs:
 If they juggle for titles, and such pretty things,
 If they lie or they flatter, for stars or for strings,
 Oh!—tis all for the good of the nation!

But

II.

But shou'd my Lord, at length, for his pains,
 Be charg'd with peculation,
 How his crime corrupts the pure blood in the
 veins
 Of every dear relation !
 Down his cousins
 Drop by dozens ;
 Then they find that a snug little place
 May lie, now and then, in the road to disgrace ;
 That they had better been sucking their thumbs,
 Than liming their fingers with Treasury plumbs ;
 And if some more resolv'd upon taking their swing,
 Tho' their *stars* are eclips'd, find their end in a
 string,
 Why---'tis all for the good of the nation !

SONG XI.—*Alkmonoak.*

THOU that liv'st in every part,
 In the busy pulse do'st beat,
 Panting in the faithful heart,
 Glowing with the vital heat :

II.

Canst thou, mingled thus with life,
 Ever cease to warm the breast ?
 Never, 'till this mortal strife
 Ending—gives the soul to rest.

DUETT.

D U E T T O XII.

I S C A G L I and U L A H.

To shun the gay and gaudy bower,
To seek the hut obscure and low,
To laugh at fame, to fly from power,
If mighty love but will it so,
Is but poorly to obey
Passion's sweet, but rigid, sway.

II.

To deem the flint a bed of down,
The wild wood's produce heavenly food,
To mock mankind's united frown,
If such to mighty love seem good,
Is but poorly to obey
Passion's sweet, but rigid, sway.

S O N G. XIII———*Ifcagli.*

T H E R E to muse and there to sigh,
There to sit and think on love,
There with Contemplation's eye
Over happier scenes to rove,
There to bid the shadowy train
Of former transports live again.

S O N G

SONG XIV.----*Julia.*

WHEN the blythe village maid leads her flock
 to the plains,
 Ah me ! how I envy her lot !
 I'd spurn all the splendour a palace contains,
 With freedom to dwell in a cot :
 Awak'd by the lark, o'er my love as I hung,
 His slumbers I'd chase with a kiss ;
 No tyrant to check me, no venomous tongue
 With slander, to fully my bliss.

II.

The toil of the day wou'd be pleasure to me,
 Still drinking fresh health from the gale !
 And ev'ning wou'd bring, with an aspect of glee,
 The Legend, the Song, or the Tale ;
 Till the still gloom of night wrapp'd the hamlet
 in rest,
 And my fancy grew big with alarms,
 Then I'd steal to my lover, creep close to his
 breast,
 And lose all my fears in his arms.

QUINTE^{TTO}.

QUINTETTO. XV.

Lopez, Garcias, Fabio, Leonora, Julia.

LEONORA.

HOW keen that glance which in face
The vices of the heart can trace !
Yet sure those eyes less strongly prove
The sway of lawless rage than love.

Chorus. And he can scarcely guilty prove
Whose only crime's excess of love.

DON LOPEZ.

Zounds, leave me alone to discover a knave,
I'm fully aware there is some nicety in it ;
But let them play off all the tricks that they have,
I'm down on the rascals in less than a minute.

DON GARCIAS.

Whatever crimes upon my face
Your keen discernment loves to trace,
Too sure my fatal tale shall prove
My only crime excess of love.

Chorus. And he can scarcely, &c.

FABIO.

To solve your enigma, permission I crave ;
If right I divine, this is all that is in it,——
If his Lordship is anxious to find out a knave,
We have but to leave him alone for a minute.

JULIA.

My father look upon this face,
Whose smiles thou once wer't fond to trace,
And there let thy discernment prove
My only crime excess of love.

Chorus. And they can scarcely, &c.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

(18)

A C T III.

SONG XVI.

ISCAGLI.

THOU fandy bourne, upon whose faithless
breast

I leave my lover's sacred name impress'd,
Sweep but the breeze! or fall the faintest
shower,

We find thee printless in a little hour;
But tears and sighs in vain for years essay
To bear his image from my heart away.

SONG XVII.

ULAH.

WHAT boots it where thy soldier lies?
Fond regret is folly;
O'er the files why stray your eyes,
Weeping widow'd Polly?

II.

On the bridge thy Henry fell;
I may fall to-morrow;
His death became a soldier well;
Mourner, check thy sorrow.

III.

Ere night her sorrows sunk to rest,
Pale grew the rose of beauty;
And cold the hand her soldier prest,
When call'd at dawn on duty!

C 2

ALK.

SONG XVIII.

ALKMONOAK.

Do thou, sweet sympathy, my voice convey,
Through these deaf walls, a lover's ear to win;
So hovering round this tenement of clay,
Some kindred spirit wakes the soul within.

CHORUS of INDIANS.

Away! away! thee tortures wait,
Nor can'st thou shun thy destin'd fate.

ALKMONOAK.

Thus at the dawn of hope's mild day
The flattering prospect to forego;
To see the shadow flit away,
Chang'd for the grizzly front of woe!

ZEMPOALLA.

Thou hated chief! thee tortures wait.

ALKMONOAK.

Then welcome every shaft of fate.

CHORUS.

Away! away! thee tortures wait,
Not canst thou shun thy destin'd fate.

ALK-

SONG XIX.—*Alkmonoak.*

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
 But glory remains when their lights fade away;
 Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
 For the son of Alkmonoak shall never complain.

II,

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
 And the scalps which we bore from your nation
 away;
 When the flame rises fast--you'll exult in my pain,
 But the son of Alkmonoak shall never complain.

III,

I go to the land where my father is gone,
 His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son:
 Death comes like a friend, he relieves me from
 pain,
 And thy son, O Alkmonoak, has scorn'd to
 complain.

SONG XX.—*First Indian,*

In his ambush wisely dark,
 Scarce distinguish'd from the bark,
 As he peeps beside a tree,
 Our ruddy-painted foe we see.
 Hark! he took a deadly aim,
 My comrade falls, revenge is fame!
 Now the tomahawk I throw,
 In vain the Chieftain flies the blow;

From

From him panting as he lies,
The scalp I bear, the victor's prize:
This is war——advance, advance,
Join the Warrior's glorious dance.

C H O R U S.

This is war——advance, advance,
Join the Warrior's glorious dance.

F I N A L E.

I S C A G L I.

WHO in absence long have known
What it is to sigh alone,
As they sit and faintly trace
Features of a favour'd race :

LEONORA and JULIA.

What in sad vicissitude
Idle hopes and doubts to brood,
Melting now at faith approv'd,
Fearing now what once they lov'd.

G A R C I A S and J U A N.

The glance but thinly clad in guile,
The sudden laugh, the serious smile:

A L K M O N O A K.

'Till at the slow return of reason,
They mourn in tears the hated treason :

G A R-

G A R C I A S and J U A N.

Can alone the rapture tell
Which bids the thrilling bosom swell.

A L K M O N O A K.

Rich reward for years of pain,
When parted lovers meet again !

C H O R U S.

Then may the day which thus unites
The truest votaries to love,
In chasten'd mirth, and pure delights,
Be blest all other days above !

T H E E N D.



